

The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1913.

RICHMOND HOUSING CONDITIONS.
The preliminary report of the survey of housing conditions in Richmond deserves careful consideration. This is perhaps the first time a mirror of fact has been held up to show what kind of homes our people actually live in. The data given is fundamental information, and should be useful in guiding many of our future developments. Whether these generalizations are final or complete, we cannot say, but they do suggest lines of serious study for those interested in the life of the community.

It is good to learn that conditions here are not worse than elsewhere. This is shown by the declining death rate, and evidences the efficient work done by the Health Department. The ratio of population to area shows a high density of people, but the fact that all our land is used mitigates the actual conditions of congestion. There is little land-crowding, as it is called. What exists is in the divergent sections of modern apartment houses and cheap tenements.

There is much of what is called room-crowding, and this is the most serious aspect of our home life. It is due to high rents and the lack of accommodations. That is a distasteful and uncivilized picture called up by the statistics as to sleepers per room. Of 1,053 rooms listed, in eight were quartered seven persons per room; in thirteen, six persons; in thirty-eight, five; and in seventy-seven, four. In 136 rooms there were more than four people to the room. This can be neither healthful nor moral.

Despite the fact that the number of dwellings increased 43 per cent in the last census decade, while the population and number of families increased only about 25 per cent, there is to-day an urgent need for more small, convenient, well-equipped homes, at moderate rentals. We have 60 per cent of frame houses, many in a tumble-down and unsanitary state. The need here emphasized is for houses renting for from \$5 to \$12 and from \$12 to \$25 a month. Many of the present dwellings, although judged structurally safe by the Building Inspector, are not humanly safe. They do not afford satisfactory residences for people in this age. Nothing shows this more pointedly than the statement that 1,500 houses cannot connect with the city sewers.

The present building code might well be improved to meet some of the criticisms here made. Rules as to ventilation, size of rooms, height, supply of water and toilets are necessary in a growing city. Unsanitary homes menace the entire population. The social influence of disease is too manifest now to permit a neglect of community health.

Some other points are worth noting. The Street Cleaning Department is said to be insufficient. This may be true, but it is time the present force was demonstrating its ability to cover any territory adequately. The lack of street sprinkling, with resultant dust, needs no expert testimony. Clothes and bodies and furnishing witness the fact daily. That an open sewer like Shockoe Creek is a frightful blot, we admit, and we suggest once more that the board get to work. The smoke nuisance is just beginning. Now is the time to attack that.

All in all, Richmond is in the exact condition of an old town, suddenly growing very fast. Many things demand improvement. These things necessitate the spending of money, either by landowners or taxpayers. This is the ultimate lesson driven home by this report.

THE SENATE IS ON TRIAL.

The House of Representatives, directly elected by the people and directly responsible to the people, has adopted the Underwood tariff bill by a vote of 281 to 129. If it were the only legislative body which had to pass upon the measure, it is quite obvious that it would now be law, although, in the absence of a bicameral system, it is undoubtedly true that so important an enactment might not in some instances be effected so easily as is the case where the branch initiating action may, in some degree, shift the responsibility upon the other branch.

The one great fact is that the measure is squarely up to the Senate. The impressive harmony displayed by the Democrats in the House rebuts any presumption that their course was attended with insincerity in the form of evasion of responsibility. The House has responded to the popular command, but what is the Senate to do? If representation in the upper chamber were based on population there could be no question as to the result, but representation in that branch of the legislative department is based upon the equality of the States. The two Senators from Louisiana wield just as much power as the two Senators from New York. The Senators from Colorado, Louisiana and California, representing the people of only three States, might possibly form an alliance sufficiently effective to defeat the will of the people of the country. A negligible majority can in such a way nullify the will of a tremendous majority.

The situation bears for the first time

in the history of the Senate a new aspect. While Senators are not appointed according to population, they are now popularly elected. The recent addition of an amendment to the national fundamental law establishing the direct election of Senators by the people imposes a new responsibility upon the members of the upper chamber. While they still represent the States in theory, they represent in actual practice the people. If the Senators do not recognize this truth in tariff legislation, their faces will be absent from the Senate chamber after their present terms have expired.

In fact, if the Senate blocks tariff revision and mutilates the Underwood tariff bill, it may in so doing pave the way for its own abolition. The end is not to be desired, but it may come. The people are impatient with the system of checks and balances in their government. The celerity with which the last two amendments to the Federal Constitution have been adopted, after almost half a century in which no alteration was allowed, is striking evidence of popular readiness to reconstruct the organic law of the land so that it may be more quickly and more directly responsive to the popular will. The Senate may strike its own deathblow if it persists in being the sepulchral of reform. The Senate is on trial. The revision of the tariff directly affects the people of the nation, and if the Senate performs a major operation on the Underwood bill it will enlarge the desire of the people to practice euthanasia upon the Senate.

TWISTING THE TIGER'S TAIL.

Tammany has not been recognized by Woodrow Wilson; it has been repudiated by him. That sinister political organization which is a liability and not an asset of the Democratic party cannot point to a single nomination to office by the Wilson administration that in any sense can be considered a recognition of Murphy and his machine. The appointment of John Purroy Mitchell as Collector of the Port of New York is a direct declaration of the Wilson policy in reference to the boss of New York who silently exerted his every energy to compass the downfall of the New Jersey schoolmaster in the battle at Baltimore.

The Mitchell appointment is an unequivocal repudiation of Murphy by the Democratic administration. It is a direct rebuke to Tammany as the political organization controlled by Murphy. It is equivalent to a declaration that President Wilson is on the side of good government in New York.

The New York City campaign next fall will be influenced by the administration's course. It will carry weight in the struggle for direct primaries in the extra session of the Legislature called by Governor Sulzer. Drastic reformation in party organization in both the city and the State will result if the policy is continued at Washington. "Even Tammany will not long follow a boss boycotted both by a Democratic President and a Democratic Governor," the World says.

The office of Collector of the Port of New York is the most important Federal position in New York. It is to be filled by a man whose political record is one of continuous opposition to Charles F. Murphy and the things that he represents in government. In New York, as in New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson has aligned himself against the Democratic boss. The power and prestige of the presidency of the United States is brought to bear against the crookedness and corruption of Murphy's colossal political combination.

PUBLISH GENERAL LEE'S COLLEGE REPORTS.

Brown Ayres, president of the University of Tennessee, said at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Lexington Thursday night that to him in his work as the executive of a Southern college, the most helpful and inspiring reports were those written by General R. E. Lee, when he was president of Washington College. "Hundreds of reports of collegiate heads come to me annually," said President Ayres, "but all of them together have not assisted me so greatly as the type-written copies of a few of General Lee's reports, which I have, and which I treasure more than all the volumes in my library." These documents, he said, are of especial use at this time to those who are directing and guiding Southern colleges and universities, and he suggested that the proper authorities at Washington and Lee publish in pamphlet form General Lee's official communications upon the subject of the education of the youth of the South. While many new things have come to pass in higher education in this country since General Lee's day, the principles and policies which he laid down yet hold good in their broad application. Reproduction of these reports would be of great service to the general distribution of these reports should not be delayed longer; their wide circulation would splendidly serve the cause of higher learning in the South, and, indeed, in the entire nation.

WHOSE LOVE LETTERS?

There is a new tumult about the Browning letters. It is reported that 500 love letters written by the two poets, Robert and Elizabeth, were sold for \$27,500 at a sale of the literary and art estate of the late R. W. Barrett Browning. Interest was added to the statement by the fact that Mrs. Browning, widow of the painter, watched the sale of these documents. Once before, the publication of certain letters between the Brownings aroused windy protest. Now the New York Times takes the cynical view that neither of the Brownings were unsophisticated persons. They knew that their writings, even of the most personal kind, would become public property unless destroyed. The Times thinks that a failure to destroy letters is a silent admission that it will be all right for posterity to harp on the remains and print them if it sees fit. In other words, the only safe letter is a burned one.

There is another side. The Brownings may have been sophisticated, but they were also very delicate of senti-

ment. It may never have occurred to them that any one would have the sacrilegious desire to own their love correspondence. Perhaps they attributed the same gentle instincts to others that were shared by them. If so, their shades are sadly disappointed. Now, nothing is private about an artist. What his own vanity does not declare abroad, the skillful exploitation of press agent or publisher makes known to a sensation-seeking generation. We can no longer charitably judge genius by its works. We must judge by its life. It is to be regretted that the two often fail to agree. One consolation remains. What a genius and a lover could put into words for his betrothed will rarely throw much light on his poems. The material for poetry is gathered from too many and too obscure sources to be catalogued. Even the most devoted poet may use a figure of speech in a sonnet to his beloved that came from watching a cat play, or eating onions. As Sentimental Tommy said, "I often think my most splendid thoughts when listening to a brass band." The ways of genius are dim-lit and hard to follow. Creative gifts do not readily disclose their secrets. Perhaps this safeguard protects the Brownings even now.

POLITICS AND PLAYBOYS.

Happiness is what Richmond wants. All prosperity and greatness is false unless the people enjoy life. They are like futile machinery grinding away with no output. Yesterday on the grass lawns of Byrd Park, there was some really truly happiness when hundreds of children and grown-ups joined together in games that brought laughter bubbling to the lips and made roses bloom on many a cheek. They were happy because they were outdoors in the sunshine and close to peaceful Mother Nature, and because they were engaged in the play that centuries have taught the nations. Running, jumping, singing, dancing, mimic combats, displays of skill and ingenuity, games and sports—the very names are wholesome. The sphere of leather and air was omnipresent. It is the symbol of all play, and it furnishes the best play. There was no age limit, nor sex barrier. All one had to have was a young heart and a willing body. They are the elements that make joy, whether at play or at work.

These old-young people were having a good time. They were having an inexpensive time. There was never an automobile in sight. Nobody wore diamonds, and clothes tended to the serviceable rather than to the ornate. Even the music came from a piano hauled around in a van, and halted where rhythm was needed to help kindergartens imitations, or set the time for folk-dances. All in all, it was one of the prettiest sights ever given to Richmond.

Why cannot this happen every week all summer? What is to hinder our children from having happiness when it waits at the door and costs nothing? What is to keep grown-ups from having games on the green as of old? The answer is nothing—nothing save inertia, conventionality, and a false conception of what pleasure really is. Also, one thing else hinders. That is politics.

It would have been refreshing to have seen city officials watching this exhibition. Not many of them would have understood. Richmond city officials are very blind and very dull. Probably they would have thought this a silly waste of time and energy. They care little for the next generation, because it casts no votes. They do not see that this is education for brain and body; that it teaches things never learned inside four walls from formal books. They cannot see what use this stuff is, or why it deserves a large place in the budget. We wonder whether the mothers and fathers of these children will ever try to force the city to give their children a little more happiness? All the people need do is to demand.

Community happiness depends in part on community government, and we call this politics. It is politics that makes the place, whether it be a park, playground or auditorium. It is politics that provides police protection. It is politics that controls the car service, without which there can be no successful gathering. It is politics that keeps the child healthy, that gives him right teaching, that offers him chance for development. It is time that all citizens, all reformers and up-lifters realized these facts. The place to start is with City Council and State Legislature. Meet the right sort of men, and make them furnish the community with right recreation.

It is not the fault of the politicians. You elect them. You pay them. You give them funds to expend. Every cent wasted is out of your pocket. Politics is nothing but government, and you make the kind of government that enables your child to live a better life, or that neglects him, and supports parasites and demagogues.

Hugo Munsterburg is paid \$4,000 for teaching Harvard students psychology; Percy Haughton is paid \$7,500 for teaching them how to play football. Munsterburg gets 5-2-3 cents the minute for teaching thinking; Haughton gets \$1 the minute for teaching kicking. P. B., L. H., R. H., B. and Q. B. come higher than A. B., S. B. and L. L. B.

The long wet spell in May seems to have given place to the long dry spell. If a new treaty is all that is needed to save the Japanese pride, let's have one. There seems to be a good bit of bluff about these same Japanese. The Business Men's Club has discovered that the small vote is due to indifference. Richmond should worry. Have your baby registered, and its grandmother, the State of Virginia, will send it a present.

Here is a little question for the Index-Appal: Can there be a rainbow when there is nobody to see it? The Forty Years in the Harness act not a Minute in Office' club will meet tonight to take some action on Bryan's new bill that says, "It'll never be about the best anybody's got it way for the new nickel."

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Difference.
She notices what the woman wears, and how their spring hats are trimmed.
She takes in detail in a wondrous way. With eyes that are never dimmed. She comes home and tells what each woman had.
No matter how many she met. She speaks of the coats and the skirts and shoes.
Those things she can never forget. She notes all the styles on the avenue; Her language doth never balk; She sees just the things that a woman seeks.
When mother goes out to walk.

He notices all the touring cars; He misses no gas machines; He sizes up all of the runabouts. He knows every model of every car. And has all the owners, pat. He reels them right off when he gets back home.
"Is that a new tire that's flat. He notices starters, fore doors and lights. And stores up a lot of talk. He sees just the things that a mere woman had.
When father goes out to walk.

The Original Pessimist.
"I regret to say that your car-buretor is no good. You have to have a new carburetor or have this one rebuilt," announced the garage man as he gazed under the hood of the automobile.
"Is that so?" asked the owner.
"Yes, and there must be a lot of work done on your transmission. It's fearfully out of order. That should take three days at least."

"Yes, and three of your cylinders are cracked, your ignition is bad, the pump has got to be replaced, you have got to have four new spark plugs, your battery must be recharged, your fan is bent, your radiator leaks frightfully, you have got three bad tires, your front axle is sprung, and your gas line leaks."

"Is there anything else?"
"No, outside of that your car is all right. In fact, it's a peach of a car. I can have it in perfect working order in three months."

"I don't come in here to have the car repaired. I came in for a quart of cylinder oil. Give me that and I'll be on my way. This car runs steadily as clockwork. I just had it overhauled at the factory. Good day."
Moral—Don't let an expert lift the hood.

The Bachelor's Choice.
If ever a maid,
The bachelor said,
I'm going to wed a queen.
A beauty bright,
Good to the sight,
A perfect girl, I ween.

She must be kind,
And have a mind.
That's brilliant through and through,
And must have grace,
And handsome face—
No other kind will do.

And she must cook
Right by the book,
And be a housewife well.
And she must stay
At home all day.
No idle gossip tell.

He looked around,
But never found
The girl that he looked for.
There was none such.
He asked too much.
He died a bachelor.

From The Hickeyville Clarion.
Deacon Pringle has invented a sure receipt to beat the high cost of living. It is as follows:
Eat no meat.
Burn no gasoline.
Buy no fuel for the furnace.
Live entirely upon cornmeal mush.
Attend no theatrical entertainments whatever.

Make one suit of clothes last seven or eight years.
Cut out tobacco in all forms, and smoke no pipe, and which he has to go and live with your wife's relatives. Economy is not always to be praised. When a man smokes one corn-cob pipe nineteen years he is not much of a friend to the community in which he lives.

Voice of the People

A Plea from a Weak Voice.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—In the issue of The Times-Dispatch April 26, 1913, I note a jubilee proposed for Richmond. Our city and country have great reason to rejoice and be glad for prosperity. But by selecting the fiftieth anniversary of the failure of our noblest efforts and fondest hopes, you seem to make our defeat and sorrows a cause of rejoicing. It would be a monstrous contradiction to want our hearts must feel.

Would it be possible for the capital of our Southern Confederacy to rejoice over its own downfall, and the poignant sorrow of those brave defenders of hearth and home, when they were forced to a relentless foe? Would it not be treachery to Lee and his starving veterans, those heroes ready to sacrifice all, save honor, to uphold our rights? Is it right to make the fatal culmination of the struggle, the fact that ours was a "Lost Cause," a subject of rejoicing?

Never should Richmond, the city of signal trust, be put in so disgraceful an attitude as to commemorate with joy the time of our sorest grief and despair. Think not to blind us to those sacred memories by denouncing your celebration as a party jubilee. A year's wretched kind of peace was that of fifty years ago. A diminishing number of us can recall those days of peace! Do not put the stamp of disapproval on the noble deeds of those who failed to win the victor's crown in the momentous struggle of the sixties. Do not mislead sons and grandsons, even yourselves and posterity, who will interpret your actions. The fickle multitude is ever ready to deem the unfortunate the wrongdoer. Beware what you teach! Let us not be untrue to ourselves. Do not condemn what is best in the past by protesting a reaching out for present prosperity. Choose not our saddest anniversaries as a time for rejoicing.

We are rich in dates suitable for commemoration, although they might not attract as large a crowd, unless we bestir ourselves to prepare by our own exertions an attractive program, rather than trample in the dust or bury our sacred memories in order to attract the public. I cannot express my deep feeling in well-rounded periods and eloquent language that flows from the pen of a ready writer, but I beg my readers to suggest to me more gifted and influential to protest against this thoughtless proposal to sacrifice appreciative memory of noble deeds to commercialism.

Let us begin with some good citizens and our esteemed editor, who is usually so conservative, but my convictions are strong that they are making a mistake, which they may regret too late. The noblest natures are willing to rectify mistakes.

N. H. G.
Wingina, Va.

Good Breeding on Cars.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Hassuch as I am one of those who dutifully make it necessary to ride on the street cars, I am, I am in a position to fully appreciate the force of your reasoning in the editorial contained in yesterday's issue of the 9th. I desire to thank you for referring to the matter of "barring women from the cars."

"Time to me this truth has taught,
This is a truth that is worth reading.
More offend for want of thought
Than for any want of feeling."

The men of our city, as a rule, are knights in armor to ladies on the cars and elsewhere, and I am sure that you have pointed out is due to their thoughtlessness on their part, and not to the women who are ready as far as they can when they consider how difficult they often make it for women to move up to the front of the car. There the wheels of life move slowly; they have more leisure and act and think more deliberately. The men of the wheels of life move rapidly and evenings would be broken by these pictorial periodicals. Pictures are very educative—a fact much recognized before the days of printing. So, many a youthful mind would be brightened by the pictures.

Send Old Magazines to Country.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—I beg to be allowed to express in my feeble way an approval of your article, "Waste Paper and Charity," in your issue of April 30.

We know of numbers in the rural districts who would be glad to have magazines and newspapers, even if they were old. People who have little opportunities for culture and scarcely know the value of a good book would be glad to have them. The fresh news, which seems so indispensable to the dweller in cities, is not so in the country. There the wheels of life move slowly; they have more leisure and act and think more deliberately. The men of the wheels of life move rapidly and evenings would be broken by these pictorial periodicals. Pictures are very educative—a fact much recognized before the days of printing. So, many a youthful mind would be brightened by the pictures.

THE \$15.00 PAPER AND THE WILY PAPER HANGER.

A Tragedy of Spring House Cleaning.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.)



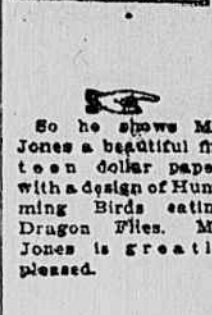
Mr. and Mrs. Jones decide that the front room must be repapered—expensively, of course.



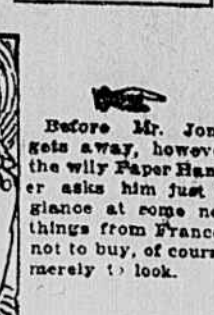
In due time and without further mishap he arrives at his destination.



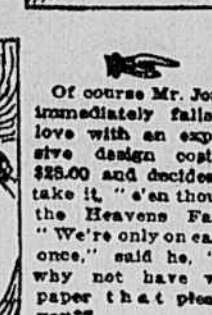
and states the object of his mission. "Fifteen dollars is the limit," quoth he.



So Mr. Jones departs to consult a paper hanger and decide upon a paper not to cost more than \$15.00.



Before Mr. Jones gets away, however, the wily paper hanger asks him just to glance at some new things from France—not to buy, of course; merely to look.



Of course Mr. Jones immediately falls in love with an expensive design costing \$25.00 and decides to take it. "I've only on earth once," said he, "so why not have wall paper that has the price."



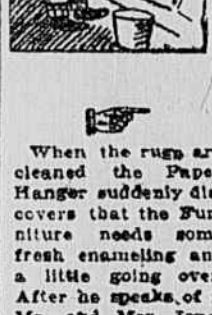
The wily paper hanger then points out that the new wall paper makes the woodwork look dingy. "Why not let me touch up the woodwork?" said he, flicking a speck of dust from Mr. Jones' coat.



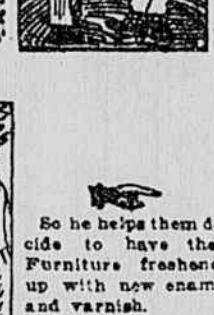
Mr. Jones reluctantly agrees to have the woodwork painted and dashing—clean.



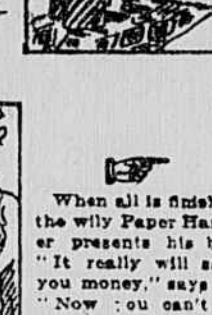
It was the wily paper hanger, who had noticed that the rugs would require cleaning. He also cleans rugs at his shop.



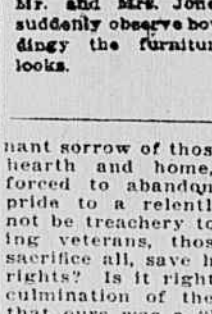
So he helps them decide to have their furniture freshened up with new enamel and varnish.



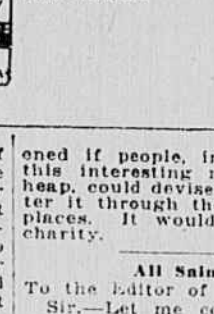
When all is finished the wily paper hanger presents his bill. "It really will save you money," says he. "Now you can't go away on an expensive vacation."



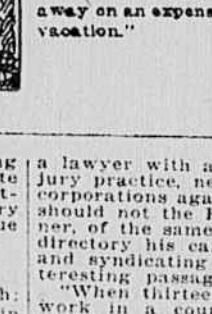
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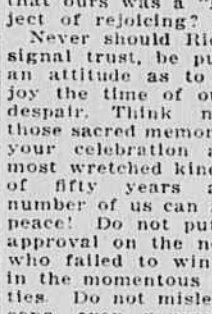
When the rugs are cleaned the paper hanger suddenly discovers that the furniture needs some fresh enameling and a little going over. After he speaks of it Mr. and Mrs. Jones suddenly observe that the furniture looks better.



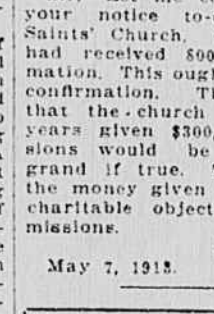
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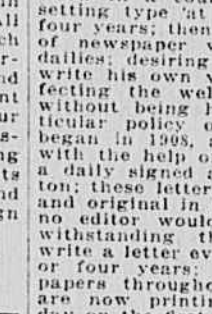
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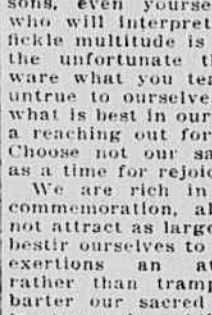
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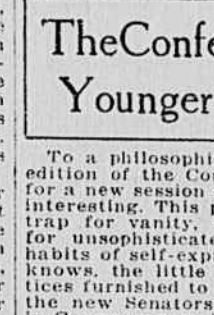
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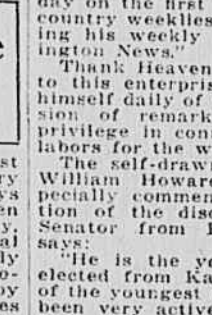
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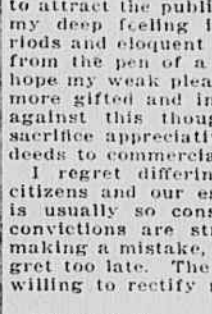
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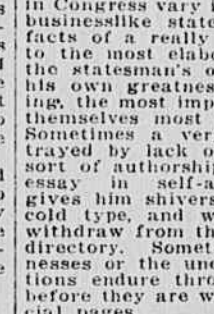
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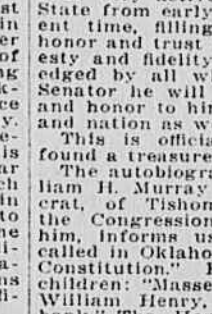
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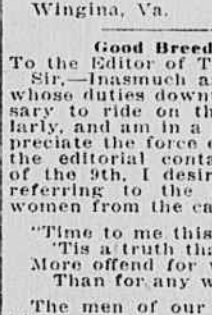
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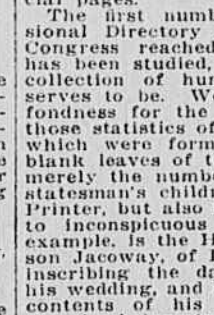
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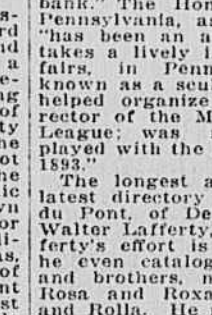
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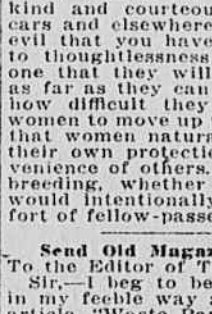
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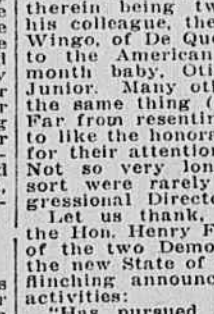
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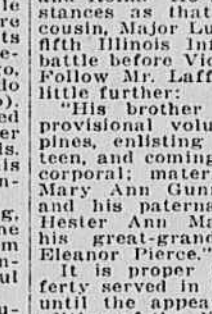
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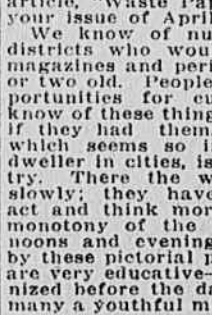
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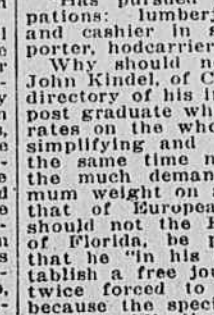
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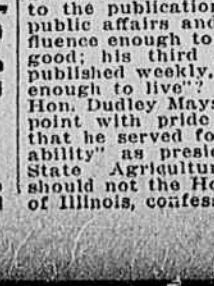
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